PROGRAM BOOK.

SECOND BACH FESTIVAL,

BETHLEHEM, PA.
May 23, 24, 25, 1901.

SECOND BACH FESTIVAL.

THE BACH CHOIR,

MR. J. FRED. WOLLE, Conductor.

Moravian Church, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania,

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,
MAY 23, 24 and 25, 1901.

Afternoons at four o'clock. Evenings at eight o'clock.

SOPRANOS:

MRS. MARY HISSEM DE MOSS. MRS. MARIE ZIMMERMAN.
MISS SARA ANDERSON. MISS LUCY A. BRICKENSTEIN.
MASTER EARL HEIMPEL.

CONTRALTO:

MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.

TENORS:

MR. EVAN WILLIAMS. MR. ELLISON VAN HOOSE.
MR. NICHOLAS DOUTY.

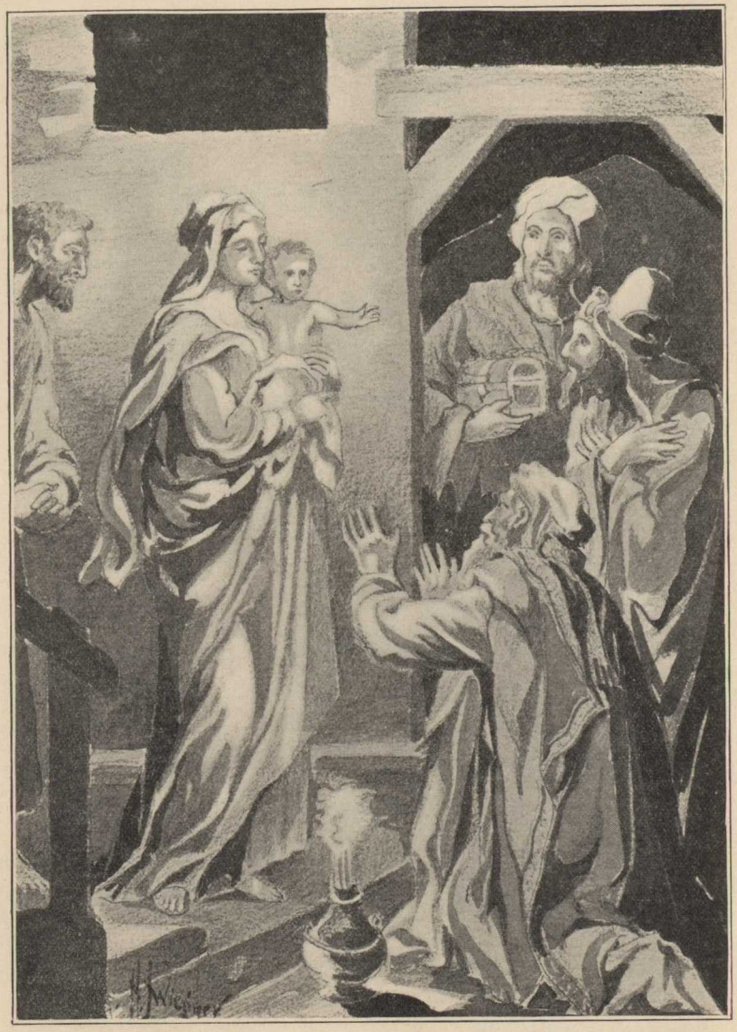
BASSES:

MR. JOSEPH S. BAERNSTEIN. MR. HENRI G. SCOTT.
MR. ARTHUR BERESFORD.

ORGANIST:

MR. T. EDGAR SHIELDS.

BACH CHOIR. CHOIR OF BOYS.
ORCHESTRA. ORGAN. CHOIR OF TROMBONES.



First Complete American Production.

Christmas Oratorio.

Composed in 1734,

by

Johann Sebastian Bach.

SOLOISTS.

Mrs. Mary Hissem De Moss.

Miss Lucy A. Brickenstein.

Master Earl Heimpel.

Miss Gertrude May Stein.

Mr. Evan Williams.

Mr. Joseph S. Baernstein.

Christmas Oratorio.

Part I.

On the First Day of the Festival of Christmas.

CHORUS.

Christians, be joyful, and praise your salvation,
Sing, for to-day your Redeemer is born.
Cease to be fearful, forget lamentation,
Haste with thanksgiving to greet this glad morn!
Come, let us worship, and fall down before Him,
Let us with voices united adore Him.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

Now it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. And all went to enroll themselves, every one to his own city. And there also went up Joseph from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to the city of David which is called Bethlehem, for he was of the house and family of David, to enroll himself, with Mary his betrothed wife, being great with child. And when they were there, the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered.

RECIT.—*Alto.*

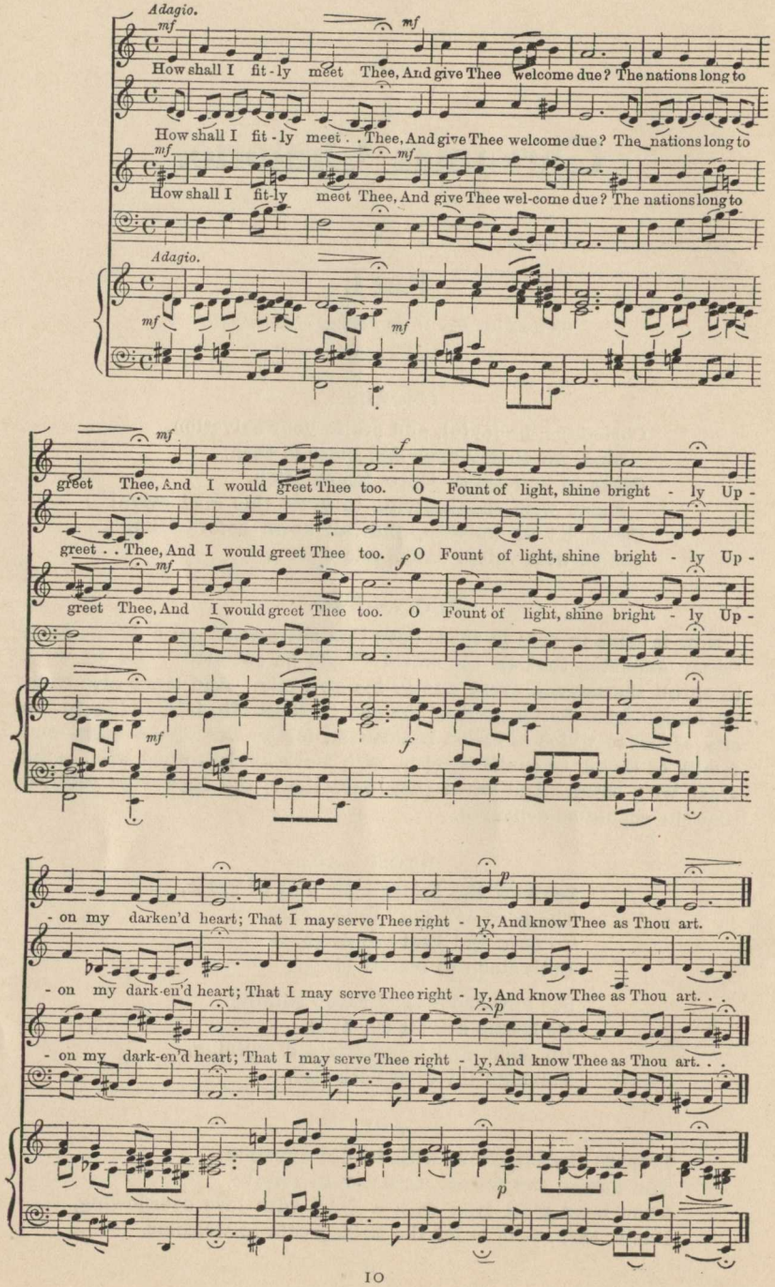
See now the bridegroom, full of grace,
The hero of King David's race,
To save and heal the earth,
Doth stoop to mortal birth.

See now the Star of Jacob shining,
Its beams delight our eyes,
Up, Zion, and forget thy sad repining,
For high thy bliss doth rise.

AIR.

Prepare thyself, Zion, with tender affection,
The purest, the fairest, this day to receive,
Thou must meet Him with a heart with love overflowing,
Haste, then, with ardor the Bridegroom to welcome.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And she brought forth her first-born Son, and she wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

CHORALE AND RECIT.—*Bass.*

For us to earth He cometh poor,
Our redemption to secure,
And rich in heaven to make us stand,
All number'd with His Angel-band.
O Lord, have mercy!

Who rightly can the love declare
That fills our tender Saviour's breast?
Yea, who can understand, or share
His grief for man by sin oppressed?
Himself the Son of God will give,
That we may be redeem'd and live;
So now for this as Man behold Him born.

ARIA.—*Bass.*

Mighty Lord, and King all glorious,
Saviour true, for man victorious,
Earthly state Thou dost disdain.
He who all things doth sustain,
Who all state and pomp supplieth,
In a lowly manger lieth.

CHORALE.

Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefil'd,
Within my heart, and there recline,
And keep that chamber ever Thine.

Part II.

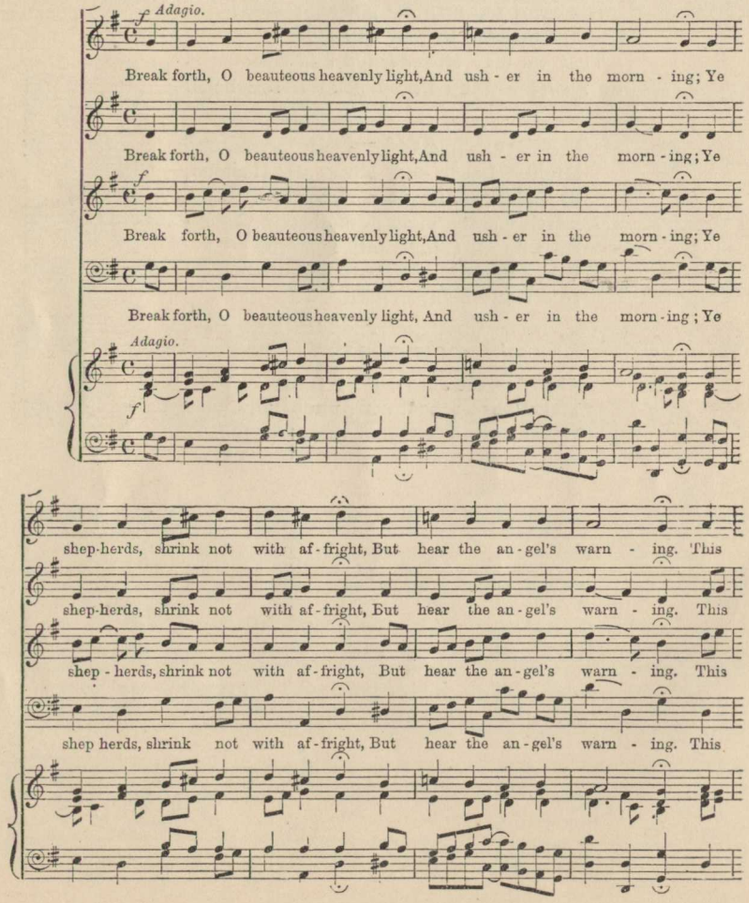
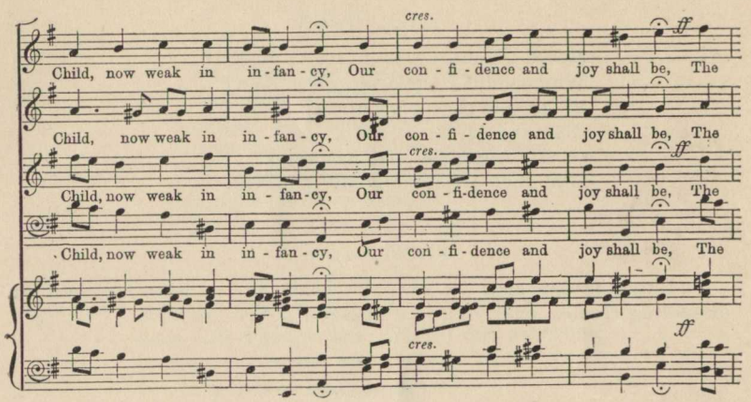
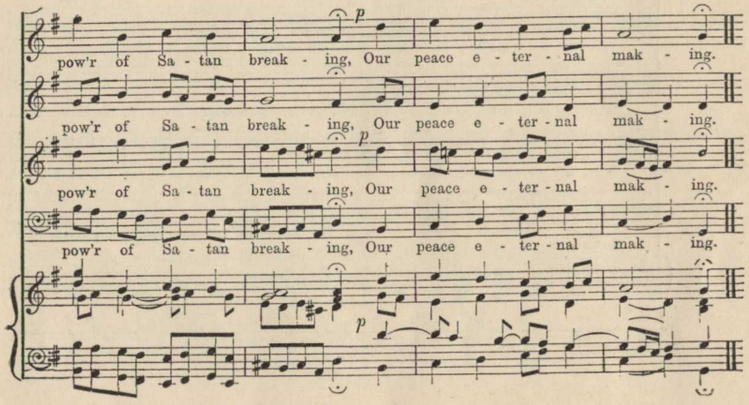
On the Second Day of the Festival of Christmas.

SYMPHONY.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And there were shepherds in the same country, abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo! an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Soprano and Tenor.*

And the angel said to them, Be not afraid; behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people. For to-day is born to you in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

RECIT.—*Bass.*

What God to Abraham revealed
He to the shepherds doth accord to see fulfilled.
To shepherds, lo! our gracious Lord
  His purposes unfoldeth.
That blessing which, in days of old,
He to a shepherd first foretold,
  A shepherd first beholdeth.

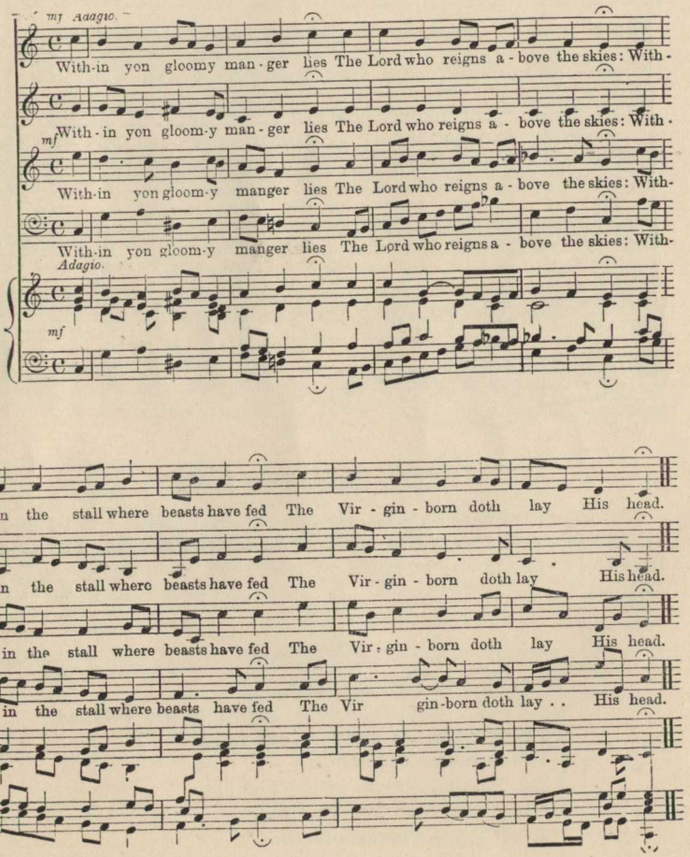
ARIA.—*Tenor.*

Haste, ye shepherds, haste to meet Him;
Why should ye delay to greet Him?
Haste this gracious Child to see,
Glad and joyful ye should be,
Of His wondrous love partaking,
Him your hope and comfort making.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And this is the sign to you. Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Bass.*

O haste ye, then! ye shepherds, go,
Since you this wonder know,
And seek for God's Almighty Son,
Within a manger lying lowly;
And there, beside that cradle holy,
In sweet harmonious tone,
Sing all with one accord
To soothe your infant Lord.

ARIA.—*Alto.*

Slumber, beloved, and take thy repose,
Soon wilt Thou waken, our joy and salvation.
O! may Thy breast find gladness and rest
In our heartfelt exultation.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying—

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the Highest, and peace on the earth unto men in whom He is well pleased.

RECIT.—*Bass.*

'Tis right that angels thus should sing,
To us this day such joy doth bring;
Come, then, our voices let us raise,
And join with them in songs of praise.

CHORALE.

With all Thy hosts, O Lord, we sing,
And thanks and praise to Thee we bring;
For Thou, O long-expected Guest!
Hast come at length to make us blest.

Part III.

On the Third Day of the Festival of Christmas.

CHORUS.

Hear, King of angels! though falter our voices;
O! when Thy Zion before Thee rejoices,
Let her endeavor be pleasing to Thee.
Hear us, O Lord, when we offer our praises;
Hear when Thy Zion glad thanksgiving raises,
Joying Thy mighty salvation to see.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

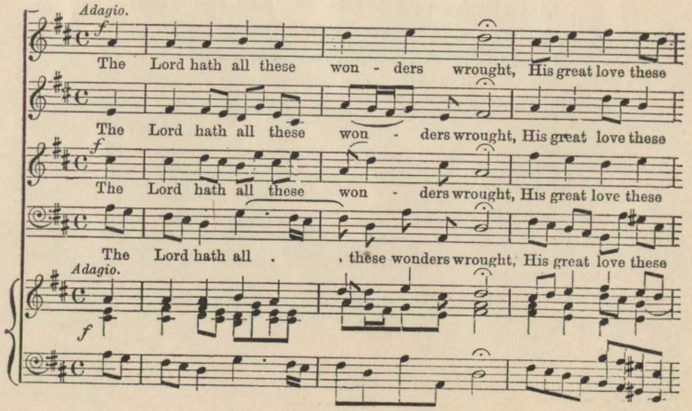
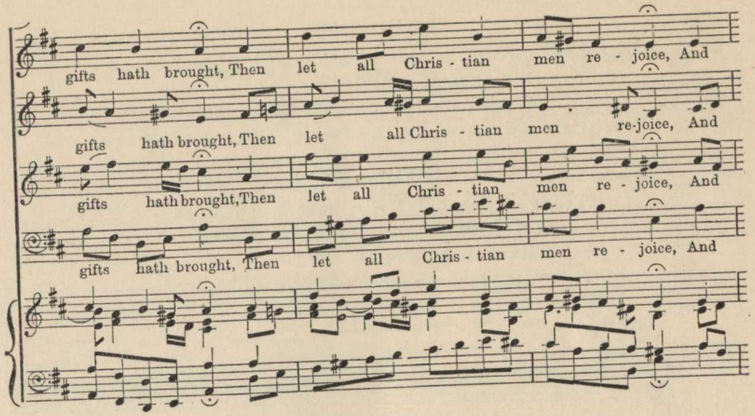
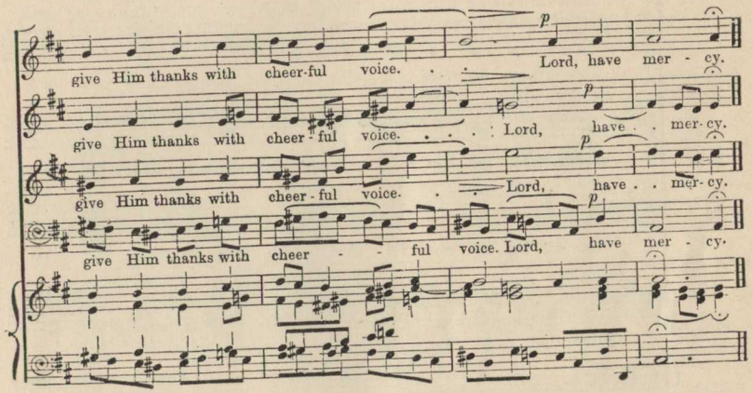
And when the angels were gone from them into heav'n, the shepherds said one to another—

CHORUS.

Let us even now go to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us.

RECIT.—*Bass.*

He bids us comfort take,
And free His Israel doth make;
Relief to Zion hither sendeth,
And all our sorrow endeth.
Ye shepherds, see what He hath done,
Haste, make His glory known.

CHORALE.

DUET.—*Soprano and Bass.*

Lord, Thy mercy, Thy compassion,
Comforts us, and sets us free;
Of Thy wondrous love and kindness,
Thou dost heal our sin and blindness,
And our gracious Advocate Thou wilt be.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger. And having seen it, they made known abroad concerning the saying which had been spoken unto them about this Child. And all that heard it wonder'd at the things which had been spoken unto them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and ponder'd them in her heart.

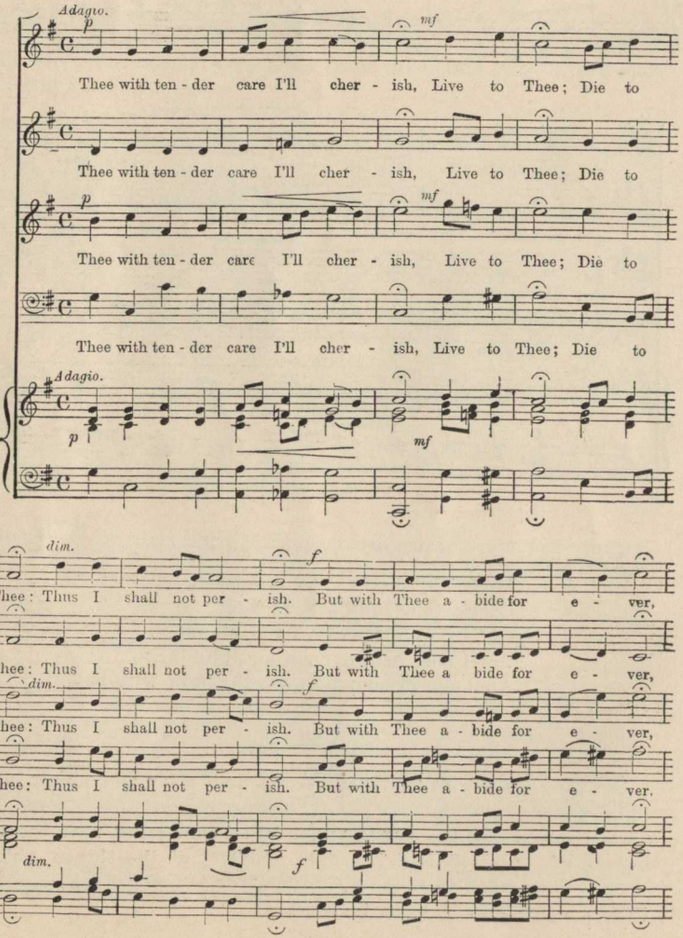
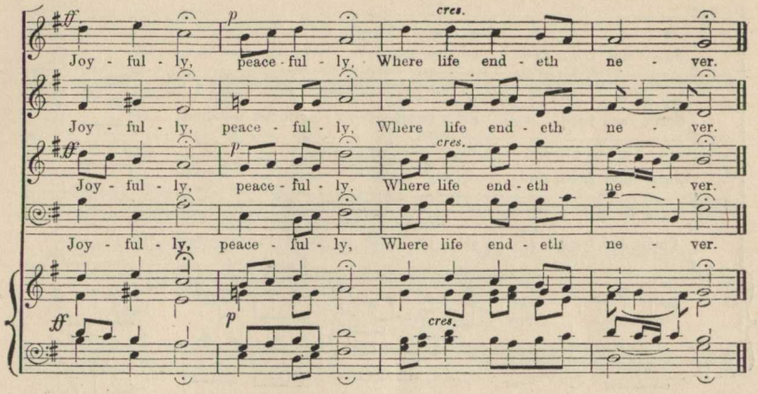
ARIA.—*Alto.*

Keep, O my spirit, this blessing and wonder
Close within thyself contained.
O! by the wonders thy Saviour hath shew'd thee,
Of His great mercy, be thy feeble faith sustained!

RECIT.—*Alto.*

Yes, yes! my heart will keep and ponder
The things that in this hour of grace,
To its own happiness,
It learns about this heavenly wonder.

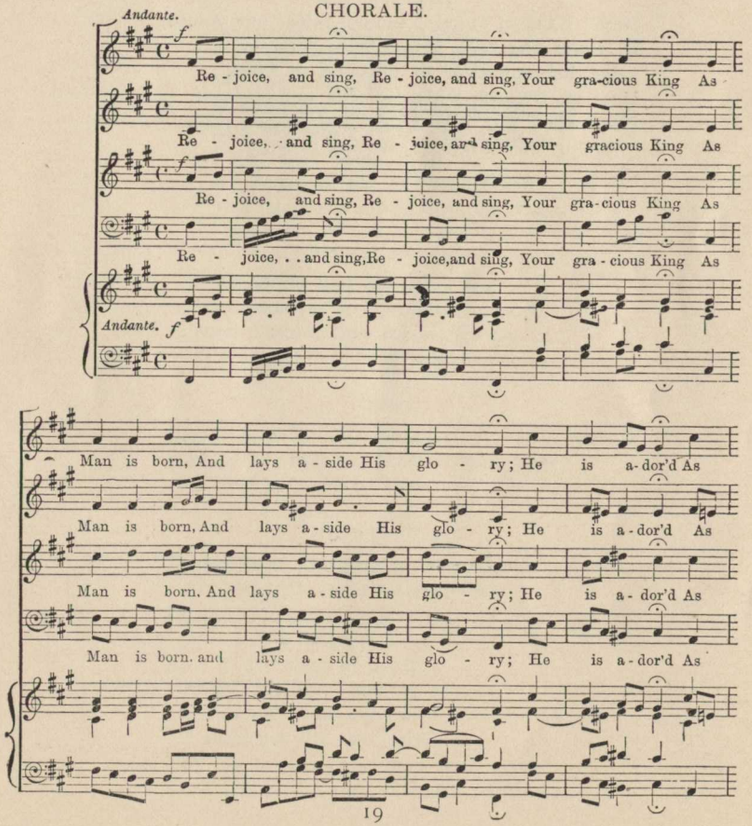
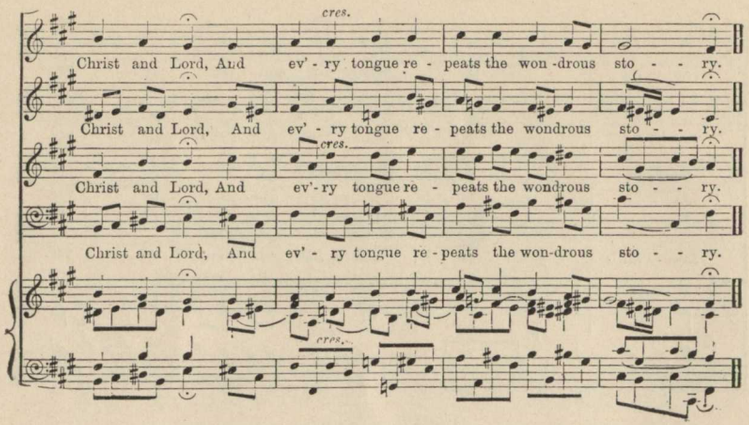
CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things which they had heard and seen, even as it was told unto them.

CHORALE.



CHORUS.

Hear! King of angels! though falter our voices;
O! when Thy Zion before Thee rejoices,
  Let her endeavor be pleasing to Thee.
Hear us, O Lord, when we offer our praises;
Hear when Thy Zion glad thanksgiving raises,
  Joying Thy mighty salvation to see.

Part IV.

On New Year's Day, the Festival of the Circumcision.

CHORUS.

Come and thank Him; come and praise Him;
Fall before God's throne of grace;
God's own Son, of His mercy, is our Saviour and Redeemer;
God's own Son all the foes of man subdueth.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And when eight days were fulfill'd for the circumcising of the Child, His name was called Jesus, which was so called of the angel before He was conceived in the womb.

DUET.

RECIT.—*Bass.*

Immanuel, beloved Name,
To save mankind He came;
For me doth Jesus live,
Himself for me doth Jesus give.
And evermore within my sight
I will near Jesus dwell.
My Jesus all my joy doth make,
And bids my spirit comfort take.

ARIOSO.—*Soprano.*

Jesus, Thou that for me livest,
  Bridegroom of my waiting heart;
Thou Thyself that for me givest,
  Bearing e'en death's bitter smart.

Bass.

Come! I will with delight embrace Thee,
And never shall my heart release Thee;
Ah! then take me to Thee!

RECIT.—*Bass.*

When death o'ertakes me, Thou alone
  My strength and stay shalt be;
In need, distress, perplexity,
  I look and long for Thee.
And in the hour of death
  What shall my comfort be?
Lord Jesus, when I die,
  I shall not die eternally.
Thy Name upon me Thou dost write,
Which puts the fear of death to flight.

AIR.—*Soprano.*

Ah! my Saviour, I entreat Thee,
Tell me, should I fear to greet Thee?
Should Thy Name inspire dismay?
Nay, Thou Saviour sayest nay.

Should I now from death be flying?
Nay, Thou dost in mercy say:
Or before Thy face be joying?
Yea, Thou Saviour sayest yea.

DUET.—*Soprano and Bass.*

Jesu, Thou my joy and pleasure,
My redemption that hast won,
King and Shepherd, Light and Sun,
Thou my portion, hope and treasure,
Ah! how shall I worthily,
O Lord Jesus, honor Thee?

'Tis well! Thy Name, O Lord, alone within my heart shall dwell,
And I in bliss to Thee will still be turning,
When all my heart with love to Thee is burning,
Lord Jesus, teach Thou me to honor Thee.

AIR.—*Tenor.*

'Tis Thee I would be praising ever,
My Saviour, give me power and skill,
And all my heart with ardor fill.
Strengthen me, that Thy mercy worthily to praise I may endeavor.

CHORALE.

Jesus, who didst ever guide me,
Jesus, my strong helper be:
Jesus, save, whate'er betide me,
Jesus, make me trust in Thee;
Jesus, let Thy grace attend me,
Jesus, still from sin defend me.

Part V.

On the Sunday after New Year's Day.

CHORUS.

Glory be to God Almighty,
Glory, thanks and praise be giv'n,
All the earth doth worship Thee,
Thou that wilt our Father be,
Thou that wilt henceforth grant our utmost longings,
And bring Thy children with joy unto heaven.

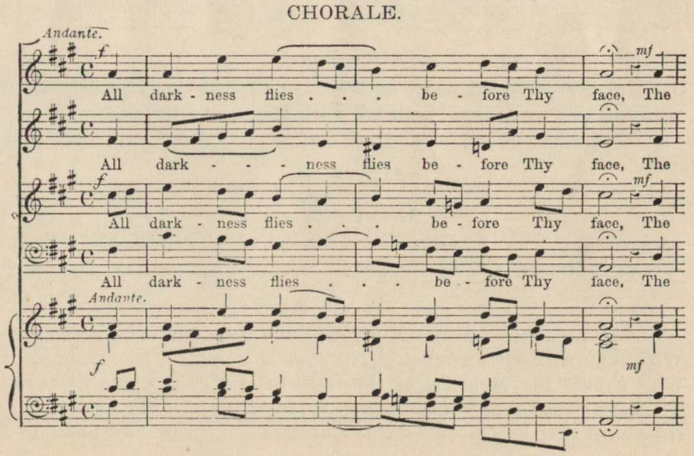
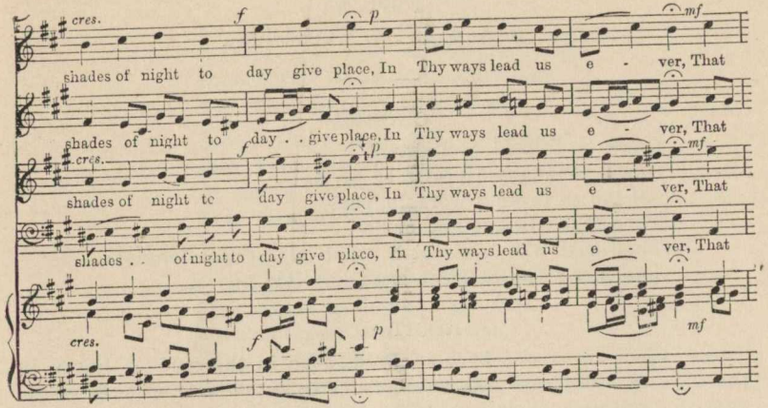
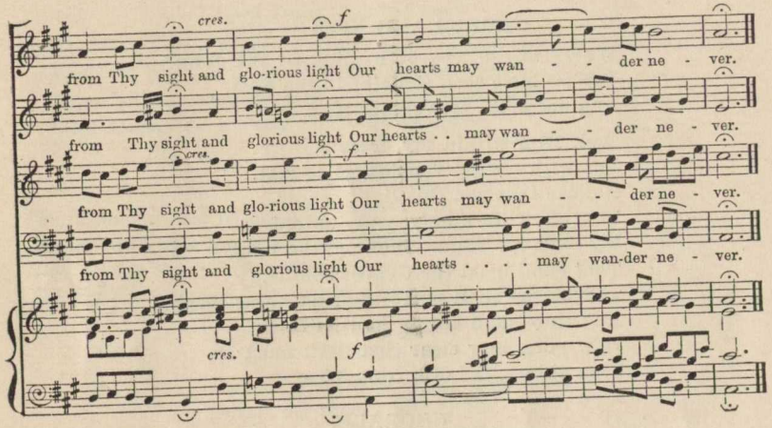
RECIT.—*Tenor.*

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying—

CHORUS AND RECIT.—*Alto.*

Where is the new-born King of the Jews?
For we have seen His star in the East,
And are come to worship Him.

Seek Him within my breast,
For with me He vouchsafes to rest.
Rejoice that you this light behold,
That doth its kindly beam unfold.
My Saviour, Thou—Thou art the light
That shall upon the Gentiles shine:
Thy beams shall make their darkness bright,
And they shall surely hail it Thine,
How pure, how clear that light must be,
That shines, O Lord, from Thee.

CHORALE.



AIR.—*Bass.*

O Lord, my darken'd heart enlighten, and shew to Thy servant the brightness of Thy face. Thy word doth shed upon the pathway of life the guiding light of grace, and suffers not therefrom my footsteps to wander.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And when Herod the King heard it, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

RECIT.—*Alto.*

With fear why are ye taken?
Why should the presence of the Lord in you such dread awaken?
O! greet with thankfulness the love He is revealing,
He comes that he may bless our sinful race with perfect healing.

RECIT.— *Tenor.*

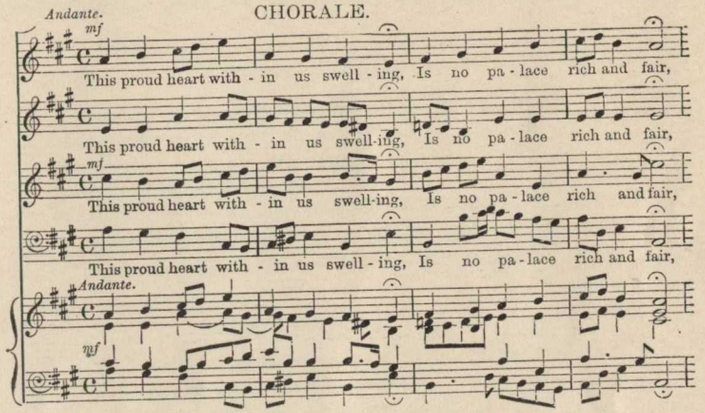
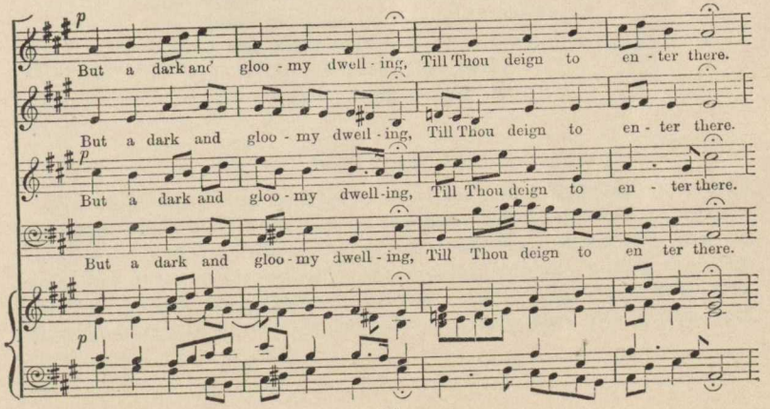
And gathering together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he enquired of them where the Christ should be born; and they said to him, in Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, for thus it is written by the Prophet: And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art in no wise the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come forth a leader that shall be Shepherd of my people Israel.

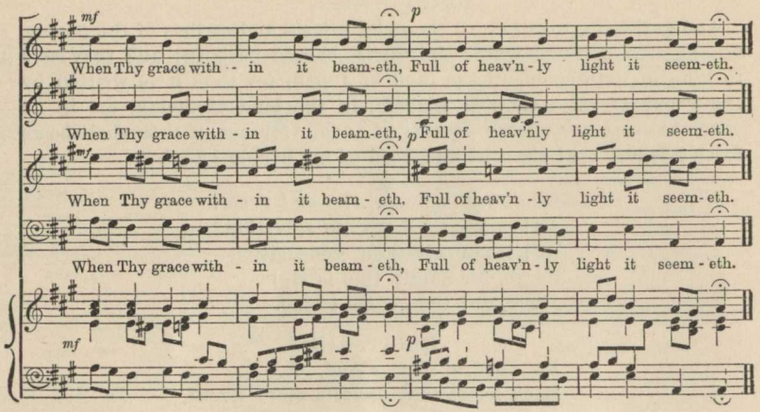
TERZETT.—*Soprano, Alto and Tenor.*

Ah! when shall we see salvation?
Ah! when comes our consolation?
Peace, for surely this is He!
Jesus, ah! then come to me.

RECIT.—*Alto.*

My Lord is King alone,
Each heart that for His glory liveth,
Itself, to Him that freely giveth,
Shall be the Saviour's throne.

CHORALE.





Part VI.

On the Festival of the Epiphany.

CHORUS.

Lord, when our haughty foes assail us,
O! may it for our peace avail us
To rest upon Thy mighty pow'r.
Our only trust, do Thou befriend us,
All needful strength and succor send us,
To keep us safe in danger's hour.

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

Then Herod called the wise men privily, and learned of them exactly what time the star appear'd. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go your way, and enquire exactly for the young child, and when ye have found Him, bring me word, that I may come and worship Him also.

RECIT.—*Soprano.*

Thou traitor, thou but seek'st the Lord to kill,
And triest ev'ry craft to work on Him thy will.
But He whose pow'r no tongue can tell
Is kept in all His ways.
E'en now thy false and wicked heart,
In spite of all its craft, its trait'rous part
Before the Lord, thou seek'st to kill, displays.

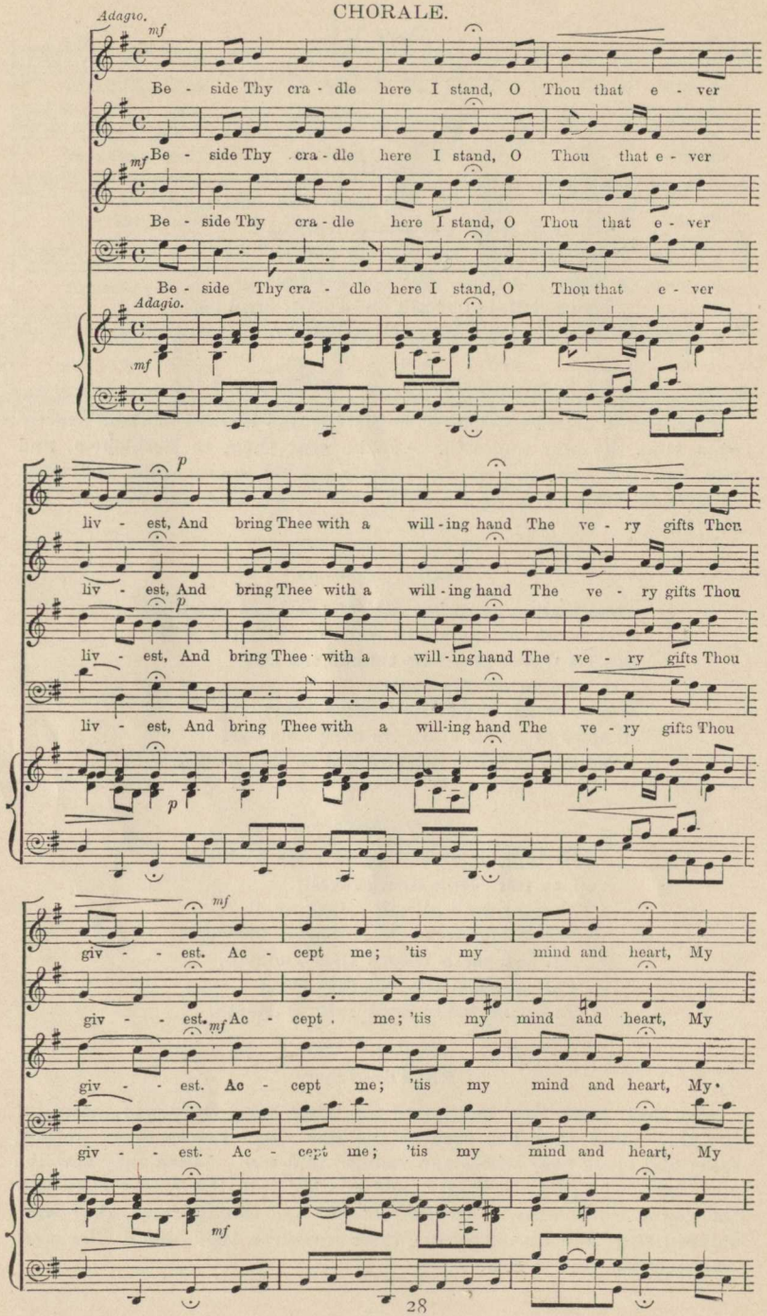
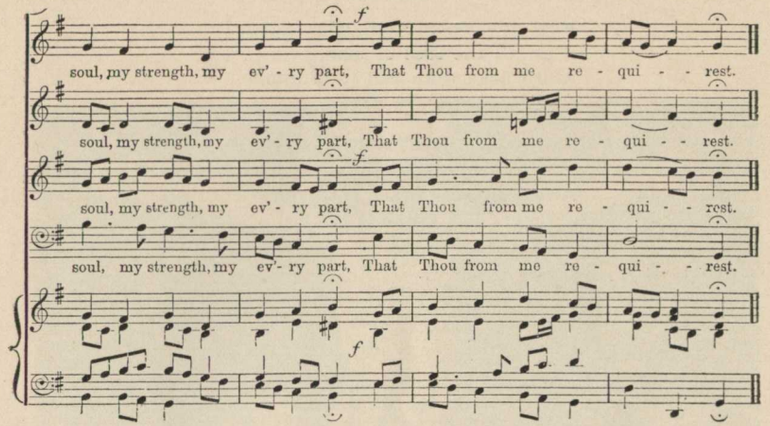
AIR.—*Soprano.*

Nought, against the pow'r He wieldeth,
Can our feeble arm prevail;
Nought doth all our might avail.
When His voice th' Almighty shews,
All the earth before Him yieldeth,
Fall at once His haughty foes;
Them no pride from ruin shieldeth.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And they, when they had heard the King, went their way. And lo! the star which they had seen in the East went before them, until it came and stood over where the young Child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced exceedingly, and coming into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother; and falling down, they worshipped Him, and having opened their treasures, they offer'd Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed by another way to their own land.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

Depart! enough, my treasure I retain,
With me He doth remain,
And while I live will not forsake me;
He to His kind embrace,
With soft and gentle grace
And sweetest tenderness will take me.
Now as my bridegroom I receive Him,
And all my heart's devotion give Him;
Full well I know He loveth me,
And I, too, love Him heartily,
And for His honor live.
What foe from me this joy can rend
That He vouchsafes to give?
Thou, Jesus, art my constant friend,
And in distress I cry to Thee—
Help, Lord, my shield and succor be.

AIR.—*Tenor.*

Ye foes of man, your might is shaken,
Dismay no more in me ye waken,
My strength, my shield is ever near.
What though with fear ye strive to fill me,
And threaten in your rage to kill me,
Behold! my Saviour dwelleth here.

RECITATIVE SOLI.

O'er us no more shall fears of hell,
No more shall sin or death prevail,
Our Saviour, Jesus, will not fail.

CHORALE.

Now vengeance hath been taken
On all the foes of man,
And Christ doth end in triumph
The conflict He began.

Sin, Death, and Hell, and Satan,
Their mighty Victor own;
And man doth stand forgiven
Before His Father's throne.

The Passion of Our Lord,

ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

Set to music in 1729, by Johann Sebastian Bach.

The altered and extended form was probably not completed before 1740.

SOLOISTS.

Mrs. Marie Zimmerman.

Miss Gertrude May Stein.

Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.

Mr. Henri G. Scott.

Mr. Joseph S. Baernstein.

The name of Mr. Ericsson Bushnell should be substituted for that of Mr. Joseph S. Baernstein, in the Passion Music.

The Passion.

Part I.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Come, ye daughters, share my anguish;
See Him! Whom? The Bridegroom see.
See Him! How? A Lamb is He.
See it! What? His innocence.
Look! Look where? On our offence.
Look on Him, for love intense,
On the Cross content to languish.

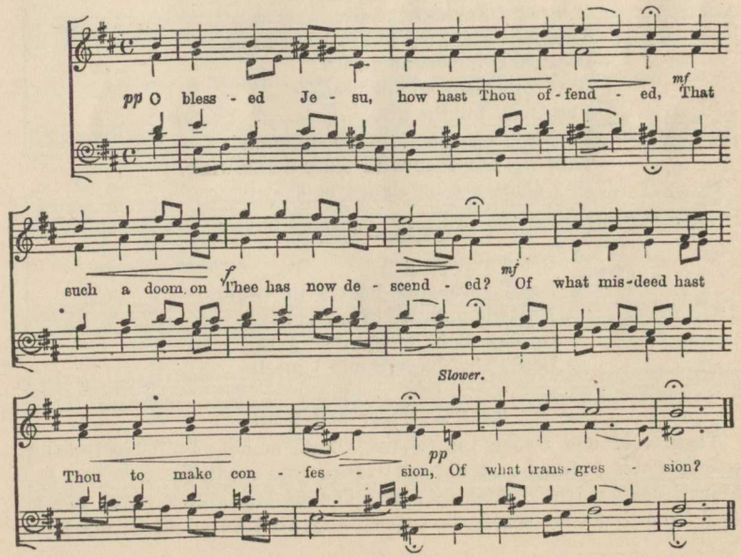
CHORALE.

O Lamb of God, most holy,
The bitter Cross undergoing,
O Saviour, meek and lowly,
Despite and scorn only knowing,
The sins of Man Thou'rt bearing,
Else were we left despairing.
On us have mercy, O Jesus!

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

When Jesus had finished all these sayings, He said to His disciples: Ye know that after two days is the Passover, and the Son of Man shall then be delivered up to be crucified.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor.*

Then assembled the chief priests and the scribes together, and the elders of the people, within the palace of the High Priest, who was called Caiaphas, and they consulted how by craft to lay hands on Jesus, and kill Him. But thus they said:

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Not upon the feast, lest haply an uproar rises among the people.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came to Him a woman, who had a cruse of exceeding precious ointment, and poured it on His head, as He reclined at meat. But when His disciples saw it, they had indignation, and said:

CHORUS.

To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and it might have been given to the poor.

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

When Jesus perceived it, He said to them: Wherefore trouble ye the woman? It is a good work that she has wrought: for ye have always the poor with you, but Me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on My Body, it hath been done to prepare Me for My burial. Verily I say to you, Wherever in time to come this gospel is preached in all the world, shall also be told, in her remembrance, what she hath done.

RECIT.—*Alto.*

O blessed Saviour, grant,
Though these may indignation have,
Because this woman's care
With ointment would prepare
Thy Body for the grave.
Yea, this we ask for, this we want,
That we, our eyes with tears o'erflowing,
May penitence unfeigned be shewing.

ARIA.—*Alto.*

Grief and pain
Rend repenting hearts in twain.
May the anguish of my spirit
In Thy sight acceptance gain.
Lord, Thy favor would I merit.

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

Then went one among the twelve, whose name was Judas Iscariot, to the Chief Priests, and he said: How much will ye give me, if I to you deliver Him? And they weighed to him thirty silver pieces. And from that time sought he opportunity, that he might betray Him.

ARIA.—*Soprano.*

Bleed and break, Thou loving heart.
Ah! a child whom Thou did'st nourish,
Ah! a friend whom Thou did'st cherish,
He doth gather foes around Thee,
He doth like a serpent wound Thee.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

Now on the first day of unleavened bread came the disciples to Jesus, and said unto Him:

CHORUS.

Where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the Passover?

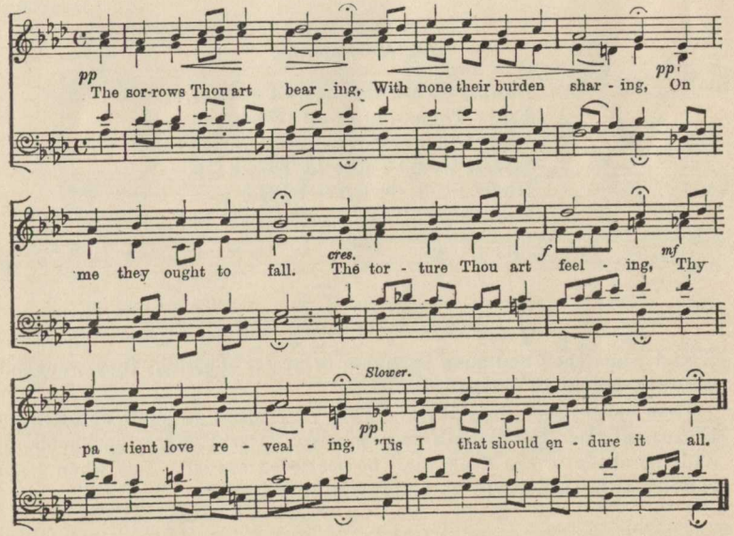
RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

He said: Go ye into the city to such a man, and say to him: The Master saith to thee: My time is at hand, I will keep at thy house the Passover with My disciples. The disciples did as Jesus had appointed, and made ready the Passover. And when evening came, He sat down to meat with the twelve. And He said, as they were eating, Verily I say to you, one of you shall betray Me. And they grew exceeding sad; and they began, each one of the disciples, to say unto Him:

CHORUS.

Lord, is it I?

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

He answered them and said: He that his hand with Me in the dish hath dipped, even he shall betray Me. The Son of Man is about to go as of Him it hath been written: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man hath been betrayed. It had been better, yea, better for him, if he had not been born. Then answered Judas, he that betrayed Him, and said: Lord, is it I? He saith to him: Thou sayest.

And as they were eating, then Jesus took bread, blessed it, and brake, and gave to the disciples, and said: Take ye, eat ye, this is My Body. And He took the cup, and giving thanks, He gave it to them, and said: Drink ye all of it. This is My Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, unto remission of sins. I say to you, I will henceforth not drink of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom.

RECIT.—*Soprano.*

Although both heart and eyes o'erflow,
Since Jesus now must from us go,
Yet doth His Testament the soul uplift,
His Flesh and Blood, O precious gift,
Bequeathed by Him, our Heavenly Friend.
As He while in the world did love His own,
By Him of old foreknown,
He loves them still unto the end.

ARIA.—*Soprano.*

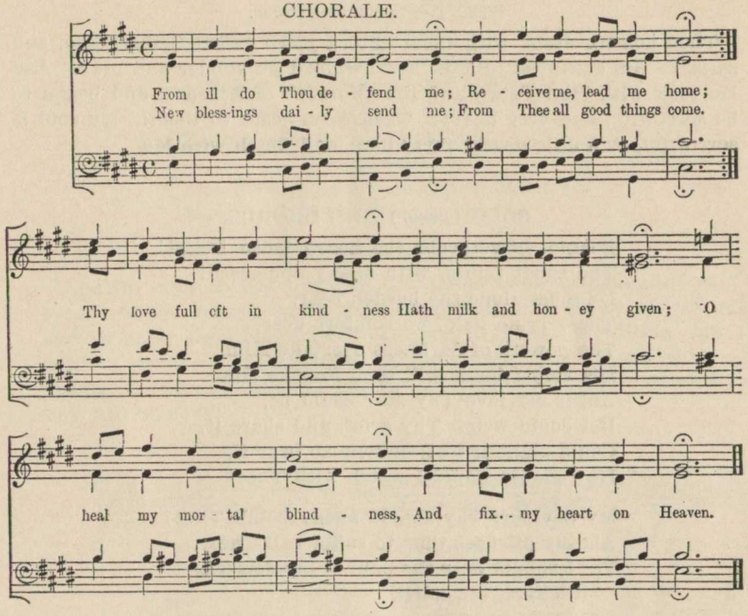
Lord, to Thee my heart I proffer,
Enter Thou, and dwell in me,
All I am, or have, I offer,
Myself would I lose in Thee.
Know I not, Thy face to see,
More than all the world would be?

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

And when they had sung an hymn of praise together, they went out unto the Mount of Olives.

Then saith Jesus unto them: This very night ye shall be offended because of Me. For it hath been written: I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. But when I am raised again, then I will go before you into Galilee.

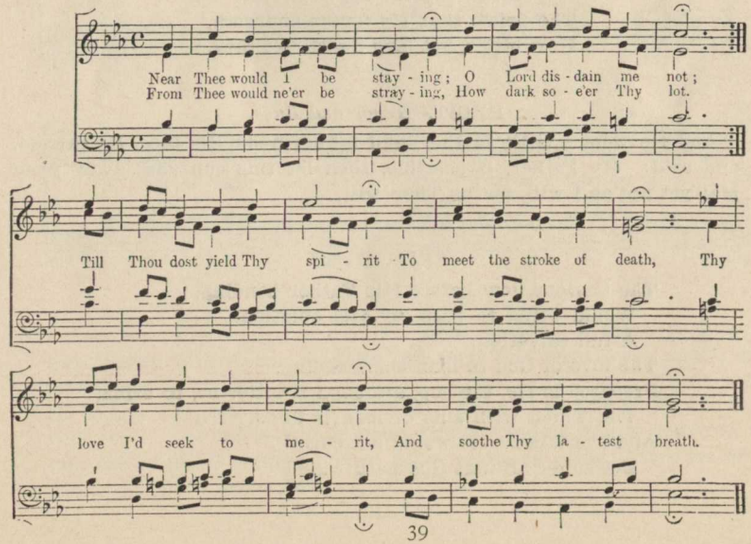
CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

Then answered Peter, and said to Him: Although all shall be offended in Thee, yet I will never be offended. Jesus said to him: Verily I say to thee, that in this night, ere yet the cock croweth, ev'n thou shalt thrice deny Me. Peter said to Him: If I must even die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee. And likewise said also all the disciples.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith to His disciples: Sit ye here, while I go yonder and pray. And He took with Him Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful, and very heavy. Then saith Jesus to them: My soul is sorrowful, ev'n unto death; tarry here, and watch with Me.

SOLO (*Tenor*) AND CHORUS.

Behold, how throbs the heavy laden breast!
The spirit faints, with agony oppressed!
He must alone the burden bear,
There is no help, no comfort near,
The powers of darkness overtake Him,
His very friends will soon forsake Him.
Ah, if my love Thy stay could be,
If I could weigh Thy grief, and share it,
Could make it less, or help to bear it,
How gladly would I watch with Thee!

My Saviour, why should agony befall Thee?
Ah, my offences thus to suffer call Thee;
Yet I should bear the pain of my demerit,
Not Thy sweet spirit.

SOLO (*Tenor*) AND CHORUS.

I would beside my Lord be watching,
That evil draw me not astray.
For my sake
He to die will undertake;
His sorrow joy for me secureth.
The griefs that He for us endureth,
How bitter, yet how sweet, are they.

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

And He went a little farther, and falling upon His face, He prayed, and said: My Father, if possible, then let this cup pass away from Me; yet not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

ARIA.—*Tenor.*

The Saviour, low before His Father bending,
Would bring to pass, by His oblation,
A full salvation,
The love of God to man commending.
Prepared is He, the cup, although it bitter be, to drink,
The which with sins of man is filled,
And overflows. He would not shrink,
But suffer all that God hath willed.

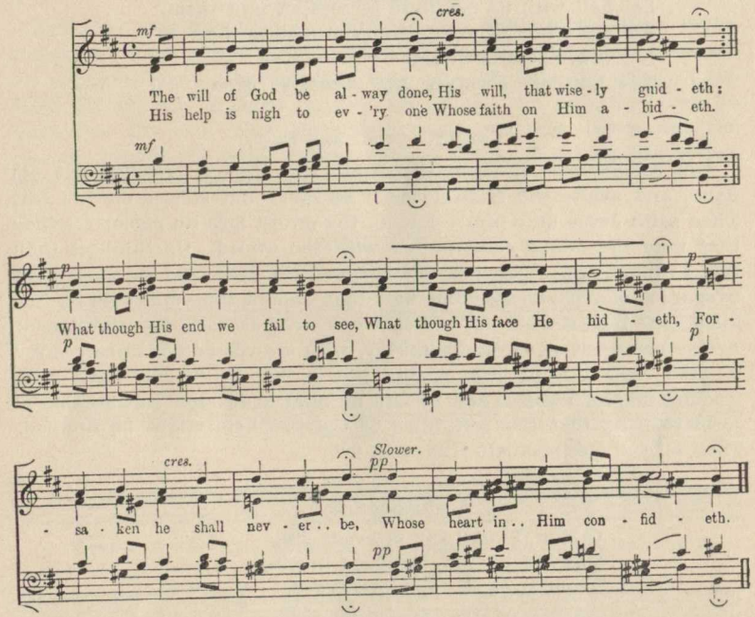
ARIA.—*Bass.*

Gladly would I be enduring
Grief and pain, if so securing
That I follow Christ My Lord.
Lo, His love,
All our sorrows freely sharing,
Doth remove
Half its weight from shame abhorred,
Now that He the Cross is bearing.

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

And He came to His disciples, and found them sleeping, and said to Peter: Could ye not watch with Me one hour? Watch ye, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. A second time He went away, prayed and said: My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, let Thy will be done!

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

And He came again, and found them sleeping, because their eyes were heavy with sleep. And He left them and went away again, and prayed the third time, and said again the self-same words. Then came He to His disciples, and said to them: Ah, will ye now sleep, and take your rest? Lo! the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is delivered up into the hands of sinners. Then arise, let us be going; Look ye, he is come, that doth betray Me.

And while He yet spake, came Judas, who was one of the twelve disciples, and with him was a great multitude, with swords and with staves, from the chief priests and the elders of the people. Now he that betrayed Him had given them a sign, and had said: Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He; Him take ye. And straightway came he to Jesus and said: All hail to Thee, O Master! and kissed Him. Jesus said unto him: My friend, wherefore art thou come? And thereupon they came, and laid hands on Jesus, and took Him.

DUET (*Soprano and Alto*) AND CHORUS.

Behold, my Saviour now is taken.
Moon and stars have for grief the night forsaken,
Since my Saviour now is taken.
To bind Him fast they have not feared.

Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not!

Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared?
Let hell with its manifold terrors affright them,
Affliction, confusion, destruction requite them:
Let wrath swiftly brand
The faithless betrayer, the merciless band.

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

And behold, one of them that were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and smote the High Priest's servant, and struck off his ear. Then saith Jesus unto him: Put up thy sword into its place; for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Or thinkest thou that I cannot now beseech My Father, and He shall send Me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then should the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? In that hour said Jesus to the multitudes: Are ye come out as against a robber, with swords and with staves for to take Me? I have been sitting beside you daily, and have been teaching in the Temple, and ye laid no hold upon Me. But all this is come to pass, that the Scriptures of the Prophets might be fulfilled. Then all the disciples left Him, and fled.

CHORALE.

O Man, bewail thy grievous sin.
The Son of God, thy good to win,
From Heaven itself descended,
As Man to live and die for thee,
From sin and death to set thee free,
Both guilt and bondage ended.
He came new life and hope to give,
That henceforth Man to Him should live,
To perfect freedom rising.
And shall the Son of God sustain
The weight of all our guilt in vain,
Mankind His Cross despising?

Part II.

SOLO (*Alto*) AND CHORUS.

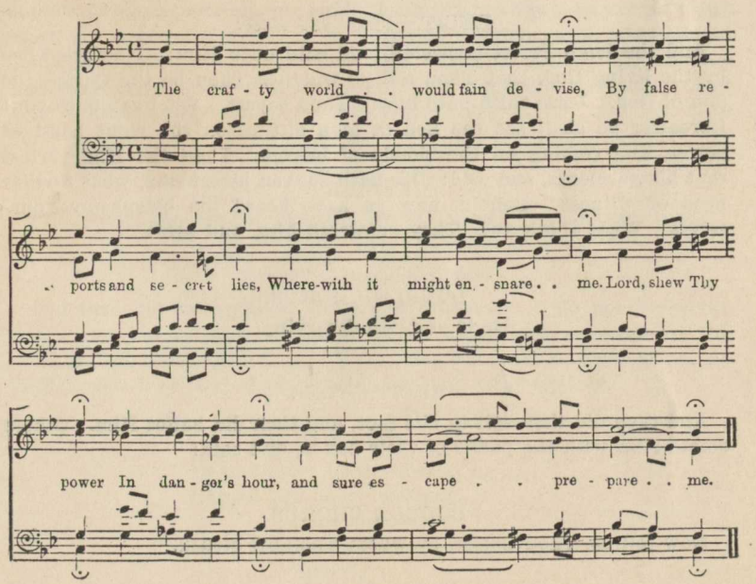
Ah! now is my Saviour gone.
Is it possible? Can I behold it?
Ah! my Lamb in tiger's clutches!
Ah! where is my Saviour gone?
Ah! how shall I find an answer,
When my anxious soul shall ask me?

Whither has thy beloved departed,
O thou fairest among women?
Whither has thy friend gone aside?
For we would go with thee to seek Him.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And they that laid hold on Jesus led Him away to the High Priest Caiaphas, to the house where the scribes and the elders were gathered all together. Peter also followed Him afar off, unto the court of the High Priest; and entered in, and sat among the servants, that he might see the end. Now the chief priests, and the elders, and the council, sought for false witness against Jesus, that they might put Him to death, yet found they none.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Alto, Tenor, and Bass.*

Yea, tho' many false witnesses came, yet found they none. At last came two false witnesses, and said: This fellow said: I am able to destroy the Temple of God, and to build it up again in three days. And the High Priest stood up, and said to Him: What answerest Thou to that which these witness against Thee? But Jesus held His peace.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

He holds His peace,
To not a word replying,
Thereby to us declaring
That He, to save a world from dying,
Himself from death will not release:
He bids us men example take,
And Him our pattern make,
When persecution we are bearing.

ARIA.—*Tenor.*

Be still! Be still!
Yea, if lying lips assail thee,
Let them seek to work thee ill,
Let them seek to bring thee shame,
Wait, and trust thy Saviour's Name,
His defence will never fail thee.

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

And the High Priest answered, and said unto Him: I adjure Thee by the living God, that Thou tell us whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him: Thou sayest. Yet I say unto you: Hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven. Then the High Priest rent his garments, and said: He hath spoken blasphemy, what further need of witness? Behold, now ye have heard the blasphemy yourselves. What think ye? They answered him, and said:

DOUBLE CHORUS.

He is of death deserving.

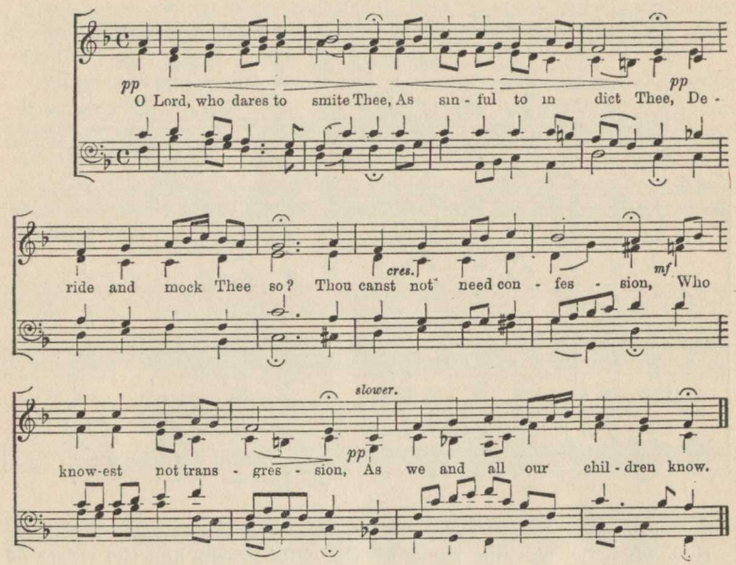
RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And then did they spit in His face, and then did buffet Him. Others smote Him with the palms of their hands, and said:

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Now tell us, Thou Christ, by whom Thou art struck.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor, Soprano, and Bass.*

Peter was sitting without in the court, and there came a maid unto him, and said: And thou also wast with Jesus the Galilæan. But he denied it before them all, and said: I know not what thou sayest. And when he was in the porch, he was seen by another maid, who said to them that were there: This man also was with Jesus the Nazarene. And again he denied with an oath: I do not know the man. And after a little while there came also they that stood by, and said unto Peter:

CHORUS.

Truly thou also art one of them, for thy speech doth bewray thee.

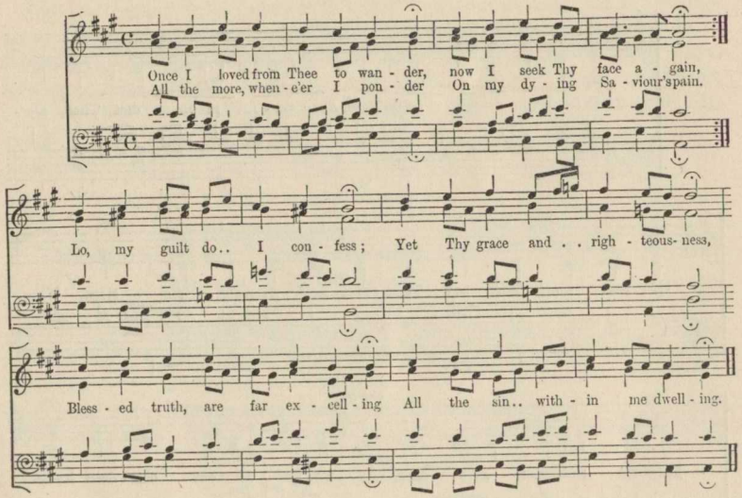
RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

And then did he begin to curse and to swear: I do not know the man. And immediately the cock crew. And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, Which said unto him: Ere the cock croweth, ev'n thou shalt thrice deny Me. And he went out, and wept bitterly.

AIR.—*Alto.*

Have mercy, Lord, on me,
Regard my bitter weeping.
Look on me,
Heart and eyes both weep to Thee
Bitterly.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

Now when the morning came, all the chief priests and the elders of the people took counsel against Jesus, to put Him to death. And they bound Him, and led Him away, and delivered Him to Pontius Pilate the Governor.

And straightway Judas, he that did betray Him, when he saw that He was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty silver pieces to the chief priests and elders, and said: I have sinned, because I have betrayed innocent blood. They answered:

DOUBLE CHORUS.

And what is that to us? See thou to that!

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

And he cast down the silver pieces in the Temple, and he departed, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces, and said: Not lawful is it that we should put them in the treasury, because it is the price of blood.

AIR.—*Bass.*

Bring Him back, is all my prayer.
See the price of murder done,
At your feet in horror thrown
By the lost betrayer.

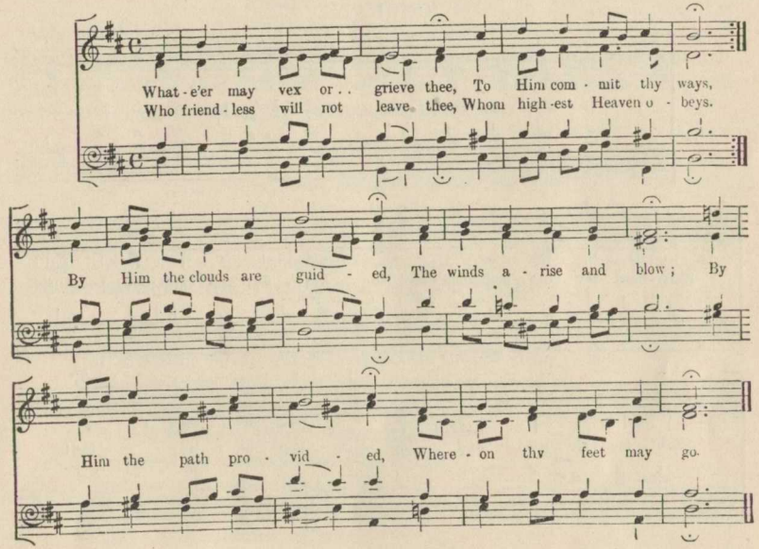
RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

And they took counsel together, and bought with them the potter's field, wherein to bury strangers. And therefore that field was called the field of blood, even unto this day. Then was fulfilled the word of

Jeremiah the Prophet, which he spake: And they took the thirty silver pieces, which were the price of Him that was priced, whom they priced on the part of the sons of Israel; and they gave the silver pieces for the potter's field, as the Lord appointed me.

Jesus therefore stood before the governor; and the governor asked Him, and said: Art Thou the King of the Jews? Jesus said unto him: Thou sayest. And when He was accused of the chief priests and the elders, He answered nothing. Then saith Pilate unto Him: Hearest Thou not how much they say against Thee? And He answered him to never a word, not one, insomuch that the governor did marvel greatly.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor, Bass, and Soprano.*

Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people one prisoner, whom they would. And at that time there was among the prisoners a notable one, called Barrabbas, and when they were come together, Pilate said unto them: Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas, or Jesus, to Whom they give the name of Christ? For he knew full well that for envy they had delivered Him up. And while he sat on the judgment seat, his wife sent to him, saying: Have thou nothing to do with that righteous man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him. Now the chief priests and the elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask for Barabbas, and destroy Jesus. The governor answered and said to them: Tell me whether of the twain ye will that I release to you. They answered:

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Barabbas!

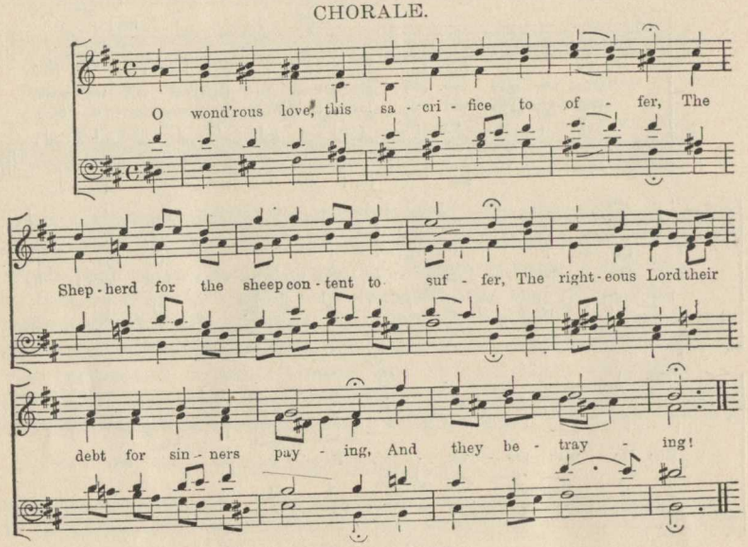
RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

Then Pilate saith to them: What then shall I do unto Jesus, to Whom they give the name of Christ? They all say:

CHORUS.

Let Him be crucified!

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

The governor answered: Why, what evil hath He done?

RECIT.—*Soprano.*

To all men Jesus good hath done:
To blind folk sight He hath restored;
The lame have healing known;
He gave us men His Father's word;
The devils forth have gone;
The mourners hath He comforted;
By Him the sinner hath been led;
Besides, my Jesus nought hath done.

AIR.—*Soprano.*

In love my Saviour now is dying,
Of sin and guilt He knoweth nought.
To His Cross I would be flying,
Lest of sin the heavy thought
Still upon my soul be lying.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

But they cried out the more, and said:

CHORUS.

Let Him be crucified!

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

When Pilate saw that he prevailed nothing, but that rather a tumult was arising, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, and said: I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man; see ye to it. Then answered all the people, and said:

CHORUS.

His blood be on us and on our children!

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

Then released he Barabbas to them, but Jesus did he scourge, and then he delivered Him, that they might crucify Him.

RECIT.—*Alto.*

O gracious God, behold, and see the Saviour bound:
Now scourge they Him, and smite, and wound.
Tormentors, stay your hands.
It should more gentle thoughts impart,
To see such anguish meekly borne.
But no, with you the heart
From sweet compassion turns with scorn,
And all unyielding stands.
Have pity, stay your hands.

AIR.—*Alto.*

If my tears be unavailing,
Vain my wailing,
Take the very heart of me.
That my heart, though fails my pleading,
When the sacred wounds are bleeding,
May a very chalice be.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And then did the soldiers of the governor take Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto Him the whole band; and stripped Him, and put on Him a scarlet robe; and plaited a crown of thorns, and put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand; and kneeling down before Him, they mocked Him, and said:

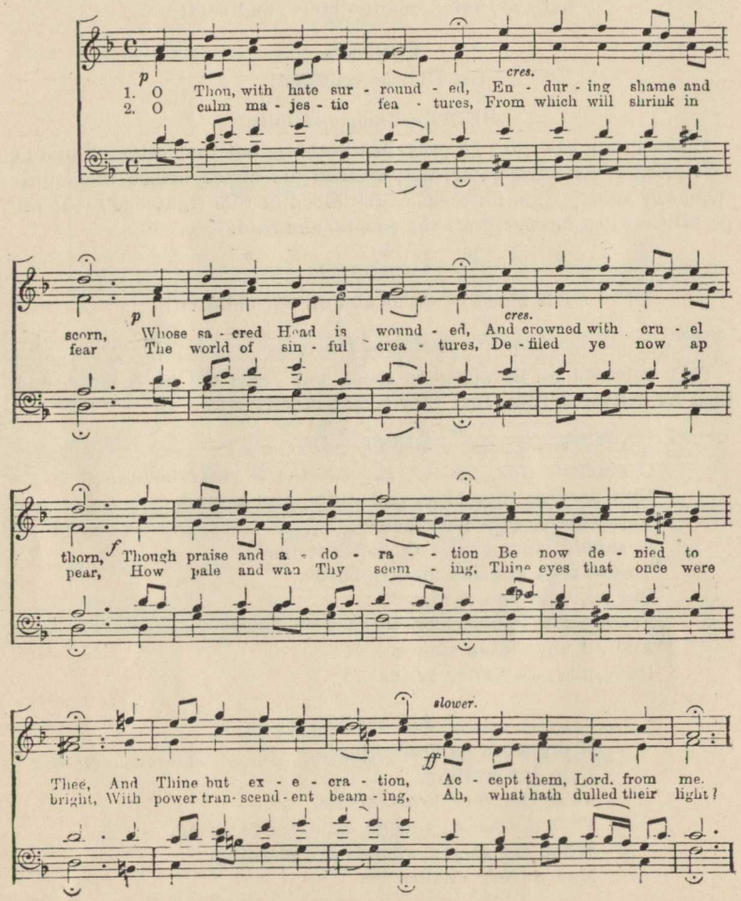
DOUBLE CHORUS.

We hail Thee, King of the Jews.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And then they spat on Him, and took the reed, and smote Him on the head.

CHORALE.



RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And after they had mocked Him, they took off from Him the robe, and put His own garments on Him, and led Him away to be crucified. And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, whose name was Simon; and him compelled they to bear His Cross.

RECIT.—*Bass.*

In truth, to bear the Cross our flesh and blood
Has need to be compelled,
For that which works our perfect good
In least esteem is held.

AIR.—*Bass.*

Come, healing Cross, for me prepare it,
My Saviour, lay on me its weight.
Whene'er my burden grows too great,
To Thee I look for help to bear it.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And when they were come to a place called Golgotha, that is, the place of a skull, they gave Him wine to drink that was mingled with gall: and when He tasted it, He would not drink. And when they had crucified Him, they parted His garments, dividing them by lot; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Prophet: They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots. And sitting down, they watched Him there. And over His head they set up His accusation written, namely, This is Jesus, the King of the Jews. And with Him two robbers were crucified, one on the right hand, and one on the left. And they that passed by reviled Him, both wagging their heads, and saying:

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Thou that destroyest the temple of God, and buildest it in three days, save Thyself: if Thou art the Son of God, come down from off the Cross.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

In like manner the chief priests mocking Him, with the scribes and the elders, said:

DOUBLE CHORUS.

He saved others, Himself He cannot save. He is the King of Israel; let Him now come down from off the Cross, and we will believe in Him. He trusteth in God; let Him deliver Him now, if He desireth Him, for He hath said: I am the Son of God.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

The robbers also, which were crucified with Him, cast the same in His teeth.

RECIT.—*Alto.*

Ah! Golgotha! unhappy Golgotha!
The Lord of Glory here beneath a curse is lying:
He hangs upon th' accursed tree,
Who shall the world's Redeemer be;
The Lord Who heaven and earth created,
By earth is now reviled and hated:
The sinless, lo, for sin is dying:
With stricken soul the sight I see.

SOLO (*Alto*) AND CHORUS.

Look ye, Jesus waiting stands,
Stretching forth sustaining hands:
Come, Come where?
In His compassion
Seek forgiveness, seek salvation,
Seek them, Where?
In His compassion.
Live ye, die ye, find your rest,
Ye whom sin and guilt molest.
Find it, Where?
In His compassion.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

Now from the sixth hour, there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried aloud, and said: Eli, Eli, lama, lama, Sabachthani. That is: My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? Some of them that stood there heard Jesus cry aloud, and they said:

CHORUS.

He calleth for Elijah.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

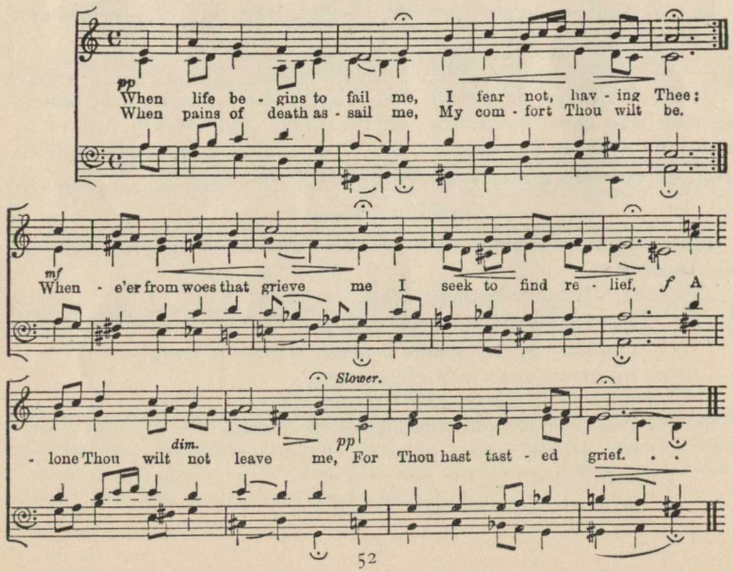
And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink; the others said:

CHORUS.

Wait, and see if Elijah cometh to save Him.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And again Jesus cried aloud, and departed.

CHORALE.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And then, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top unto the bottom. And the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent, and the tombs gave up their dead, and many of the saints were raised that were sleeping; and coming out of the tombs after His resurrection, they went into the holy city, and appeared unto many. Now the centurion, and they that were with him, and were watching Jesus, when they saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, and said:

CHORUS.

Truly this was the Son of God.

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And many women were there, beholding from afar, which had followed Jesus from Galilee, and had ministered to Him; among whom was Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children.

At eventide there came a rich man from Arimathæa, named Joseph, who himself was Jesus' disciple. He went unto Pilate, and asked him for the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered.

RECIT.—*Bass.*

At evening, hour of calm and rest
Was Adam's fall made manifest,
At evening, too, the Lord's redeeming love.
At evening, homeward turned the dove;
An olive-leaf the while she bore.
O beauteous time, O evening hour!
Our peace with God is evermore assured,
For Jesus hath His Cross endured.
His body thou dost crave,
Thou, His disciple, for the grave.
O let us all regard with thankful wonder
His precious death, and on its meaning ponder.

AIR.—*Bass.*

Make thee clean, my heart, from sin,
Unto Jesus welcome giving,
So within my cleansed breast
Shall He rest
Evermore within me living.
World, depart, let Jesus in!

RECIT.—*Tenor.*

And Joseph took the body, and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock; and having rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb, he went away. There were there also Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the tomb.

Now on the morrow which was after the Preparation, came the chief priests and the Pharisees together unto Pilate, and said:

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Sir, we bear it in mind, that that deceiver said, while He was yet alive: In three days I will rise again. Therefore command to make the tomb secure until the third day, lest haply His disciples come and steal Him away, and say unto the people: He is risen from the dead, and the last error will be worse than the first.

RECIT.—*Tenor and Bass.*

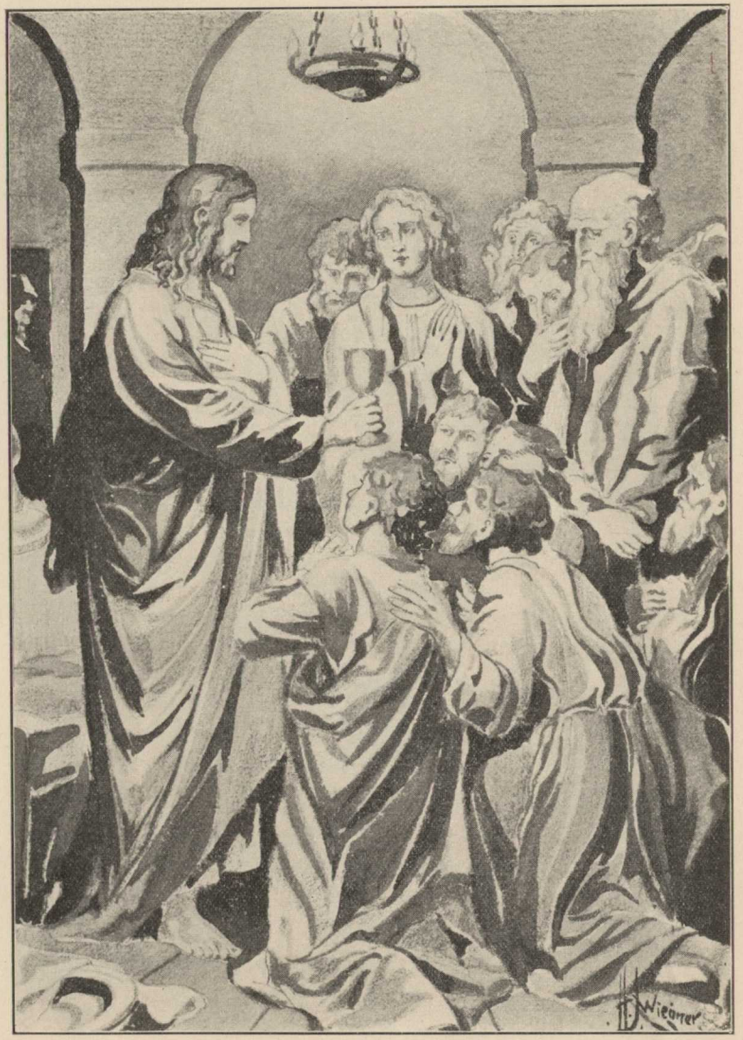
And Pilate said to them: Ye have a guard; go your way, and make it as sure as ye can. They went their way, and guarded the grave with soldiers, and they sealed the stone.

SOLI AND CHORUS.

And now the Lord to rest is laid,
His sorrows o'er, for all our sins oblation made.
O consecrated Body,
See, with repentant tears we would bedew it,
Which our offence to such a death hath brought.
While life shall last let us adore and praise the Lord,
That He for man has full redemption wrought.
Lord Jesus, rest in peace.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Here yet awhile, Lord, thou art sleeping,
  Hearts turn to Thee, O Saviour blest:
  Rest Thou calmly, calmly rest.
Death, that holds Thee in its keeping,
When its bonds are loosed by Thee,
  Shall become a welcome portal,
  Leading man to life immortal,
Where he shall Thy glory see.
Saviour blest,
Slumber now, and take Thy rest.



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Miss Gertrude May Stein.

Mr. Nicholas Douty.

Mr. Arthur Beresford.

The Mass in B Minor.

Kyrie.

No. 1. CHORUS.

Kyrie eleison! — Lord, have mercy upon us!

No. 2. DUET. *Two Sopranos.*

Christe eleison! — Christ, have mercy upon us!

No. 3. CHORUS.

Kyrie eleison! — Lord, have mercy upon us!

Gloria.

No. 4. CHORUS.

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax, hominibus bonæ voluntatis. — Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

No. 5. ARIA. *Soprano with Violin Obbligato.*

Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te, — We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee,

No. 6. CHORUS.

Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam, — We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory,

No. 7. DUET. *Soprano and Tenor, with Flute Obbligato.*

Domine Deus, Rex cœlestis, Deus Pater omnipotens! Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe altissime, Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris, — O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty! O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ the Highest; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,

No. 8. CHORUS.

Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis, suscipe deprecationem nostram. — That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us, receive our prayer.

No. 9. ARIA. *Contralto, with Oboe Obbligato.*

Qui sedes ad dextram Patris, miserere nobis. — Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy upon us.

No. 10. ARIA. *Bass, with Horn Obbligato.*

Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus; tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe

For Thou only art holy, Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, art most high

No. 11. CHORUS.

Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

With the Holy Spirit in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Credo.

No. 12. CHORUS.

Credo in unum Deum

I believe in one God

No. 13. CHORUS.

Patrem omnipotentem, factorem coeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium:

The Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible:

No. 14. DUET. *Soprano and Alto.*

Et in unum Dominum, Jesum Christum, Filium Dei unigenitum, et ex Patre natum ante omnia, saecula, Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero, genitum, non factum, consubstantialem Patri, per quem omnia facta sunt, Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de coelis,

And in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of the Father before all worlds, God of God, light of light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made: who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven,

No. 15. CHORUS.

Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine, et homo factus est:

And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man:

No. 16. CHORUS.

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato, passus et sepultus est:

And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate, suffered and was buried:

No. 17. CHORUS.

Et resurrexit tertia die secundum scripturas, et ascendit in coelum, sedet ad dextram Dei Patris, et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos; cujus regni non erit finis.

And the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father: and He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; whose kingdom shall have no end.

No. 18. ARIA. *Bass, with Oboi Obbligati.*

Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et vivificantem, qui ex Patre Filioque procedit, qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur, qui locutus est per Prophetas. Et unam sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam:

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the Prophets. And I believe in one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

No. 19. CHORUS.

Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum: et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi sæculi. Amen.

I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins, and I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Sanctus.

No. 20. CHORUS.

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth, pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria ejus:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory:

No. 21. CHORUS.

Osanna in excelsis!

Hosanna in the highest!

Benedictus.

No. 22. ARIA. *Tenor, with Violin Obbligato.*

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.

Blessed is He, who cometh in the name of the Lord.

Agnus Dei.

No. 23. ARIA. *Contralto, with Violin Obbligato.*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

No. 24. CHORUS.

Dona nobis pacem.

Grant us peace.

THE BACH CHOIR.

First Soprano.

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Miss Lena H. Bailey.
Miss Lucy A. Brickenstein.
Miss Mabel Cope.
Miss Lotta E. Dech.
Mrs. Caroline Detterer.
Miss Margaret Erwin.
Mrs. Clara Knapp.
Miss Marion Levering.
Miss Olive Lobach.
Mrs. H. J. Laciar.
Miss Charlotte Morgan.
Miss Lillie Neuman.
Miss Mary Reichel.
Miss Laura Schwab.
Miss Florence Shields.
Miss Mabel L. Straub.
Mrs. H. J. Wiegner.
Miss Bessie Wilson.

Second Soprano.

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Miss Caroline Belling.
Miss Minnie Erwin.
Miss Jessie Green.
Miss Gertrude Hafner.
Miss Annie Heller.
Miss Elizabeth Heller.
Miss Laura Krause.
Miss Elizabeth Luckenbach.
Miss Helen Lawall.
Miss Harriet Miksch.
Miss Sara Schwartz.
Miss Annie E. Stein.
Miss Anna M. Smith.
Mrs. L. F. Trumbore.
Miss Agnes Wolle.
Miss Carrie Wunderling.
Miss Martha Wunderling.
Miss Margaret Williams.
Miss Helen Young.

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Miss Evelyn Chandler.
Mrs. Albert N. Cleaver.
Miss Addie Clewell.
Miss Addie Diefenderfer.
Miss Mary Fuenfstueck.
Miss Annie Jones.
Miss Gertrude Levering.
Miss Mary Ann Rice.
Mrs. H. S. Schweitzer.
Miss Helen Shields.
Miss Sara Yohe.

Second Alto.

Miss Gertrude Brunner.
Mrs. W. E. Doster.
Mrs. E. F. Gray.
Mrs. Joseph Leibert, jr.
Miss Jane Luckenbach.
Miss E. A. Meffan.
Miss Helen Myers.
Miss Agnes Nicholas.
Miss Melinda Prince.
Miss Annie Reinhard.
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Miss Ida Riegel.
Miss Laura Riegel.
Miss Elizabeth Schwab.
Miss Elmyra Sherwood.
Mrs. G. A. Schneebeli.
Miss Gertrude Schall.
Miss Bessie Taylor.
Miss Minnie Weiss.

First Tenor.

H. C. Bailey.
Alfred Diefenderfer.
F. V. Kleckner.
Harrison G. Loux.
Emil Suemper.
E. H. Wilhelm.
B. G. Roth.

Second Tenor.

J. M. Diefenderfer.
W. S. Franklin.
Geo. A. Mentzell.
E. Williamson Miller.
Richard Meinert.
Albert G. Rau.
David G. Samuels.
Charles H. Traeger.
W. T. Trembath.
Fred H. Wilhelm.

First Bass.

Robert Bird.
E. J. Caffrey.
John Fuenfstueck.
Robert Huebener.
E. H. Meglathery.
E. J. Peck.
Theodore Reinke.
J. W. Richards.
H. S. Schweitzer.
M. J. Shimer.
H. J. Wiegner.
C. H. Whitman.
Clinton F. Zerweck.

Second Bass.

W. F. Badè.
Fred. Farquhar.
Frank M. Fry.
R. R. Hillman.
S. P. Heitshu.
W. D. Jones.
Albert Knight.
B. E. Laciar.
George Lehman.
Albert A. Madsen.
F. A. Sterling.
Homer Straub.
J. H. Sigafoos.
J. Samuel Wolle.

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Willie Acker.
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Elmer Arnen.
Howard Bachman.
George Barthold.
James Bell.
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Rufus Bishop.
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Lee Dilley.
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Fred. Gradwohl.
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Merrit Gruver.
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William Heimpel.
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Robert Hunsicker.
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Robert Heine.
Raymond Hess.
Ralph Hunsicker.
Lloyd Hill.
Charlie Kerschner.
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Warren Kichline.
Clayton Kichline.
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Kenneth Levan.
Allen Laub.
William Lynn.
Walter Lilly.
Fred. Mease.
Frank Miksch.
Robert Miller.
Charles Miller.
Joseph Mixsell.
Henry Neuman.
William Neeb.
Donald Pharo.
Truman Quier.
Herbert Ross.
John Riegel.
Chauncey Reber.
Ryan Raidline.
William Robbins.
William Rahley.
Floyd Richard.
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Theodore Woodring.
Paul Weaver.
Joseph Weaver.
Clarence Walters.
Paul Walton.
Seth Williams.
David Williams.
Fred. Wolfram.

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First Violins.	Second Violins.	Violas.
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Charlton Lewis Murphy.	E. B. Hoffman.	B. A. MacComsey.
Harry E. Fahrbach.	Arthur Smith.	W. H. Werkheiser.
Edgar Metzgar.	Charles L. Roseberry.	John Schaibel.
Miss Marion Shimer.	Jacob H. Hartzell.	Thomas B. Wilson.
Miss Callie Myers.	Isaac M. Kahn.	Christian Hildebrandt.
George F. Pettinos.	Robert J. Olpp.	William K. Stobbe.
Porter B. Arbogast.	Lloyd Moll.	
E. L. Schubert.	J. H. Wagner.	
Marcel Krieger.	Fred. J. Achenbach.	
Otto Wittich.	Barry Jones.	
	John S. Miller.	
	Harold F. Bechtel.	

Violoncellos.	Double Basses.
Rudolph Hennig.	C. H. Sefing.
Orville Hart.	Gustave Thiede.
George E. Clauder.	M. Z. Schubert.
E. L. Buchman.	Harry E. Kern.
Edgar P. Hangen.	John Fasshauer.
Miss Florence Hangen.	
Arthur S. Grosh.	

Flutes.	Oboes.	Oboi d'amore.
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Oscar Hansen.	Max Lachmuth.	L. C. Schoof.
Martin Stobbe.	Arthur Trepte.	
William Baab.	L. C. Schoof.	

English Horns.	Clarinets.	Bassoons.
Adolph Sauder.	Henry T. Weisenborn.	Christian Hildebrandt.
Max Lachmuth.	Arthur Ritzke.	Adam Flach.

French Horns.	Trumpets.	Kettle Drums.
Henry Koch.	August Heydon.	William K. Stobbe.
Robert Hoppe.	Frederick E. Wagner.	
	Henry Eichler.	

The violin obligato solos will be played by Messrs. Andre Verdier and Charlton Lewis Murphy.

The violoncello solos in the Passion Music will be played by Mr. Rudolph Hennig.

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Soprano.

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Mr. Robert Rau.
Mr. Chas. H. Neisser.
Mr. Edmund L. Oerter.

Alto.

Mr. Chas. M. George.
Mr. Aug. H. Leibert.
Mr. Walter C. Horn.
Mr. Richard Chapman.

Tenor.

Mr. J. George Lehman.
Mr. Alvin W. Buss.
Mr. Paul W. Barber.

Bass.

Mr. Frank J. Myers.
Mr. J. Samuel Wolle.
Mr. Chas. F. Beckel.
Mr. Theo. Shields.

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NOTES.

The audience is requested to rise and sing all the chorales the music of which is printed in the programme book.

Of the Christmas Oratorio, Parts I, II, and III will be sung in the afternoon; Parts IV, V, and VI, in the evening. There will be brief pauses between the parts.

Of the Passion music, Part I will be sung in the afternoon; Part II in the evening.

Of the Mass, the Kyrie and Gloria will be sung in the afternoon. The work will be continued in the evening, commencing with the Credo.

As the performances will begin punctually at the hours announced, the audience is requested to be seated promptly. No persons will be seated during the rendition of the music, nor until some convenient place on the programme is reached.

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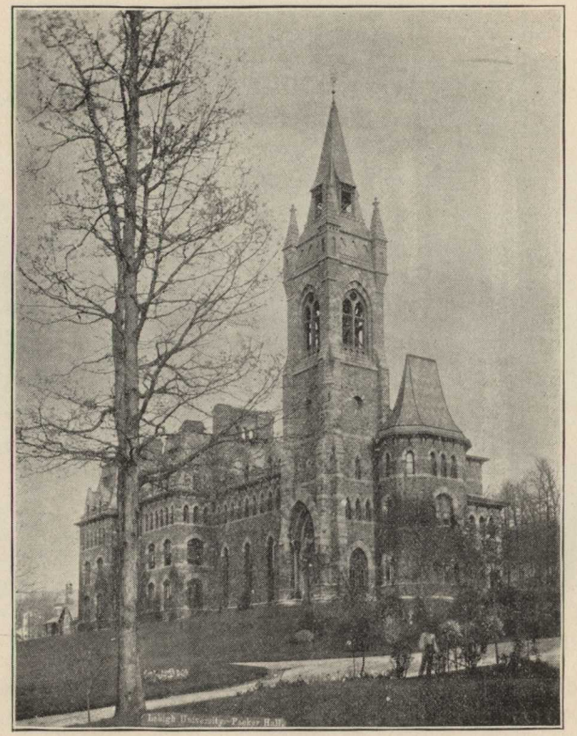

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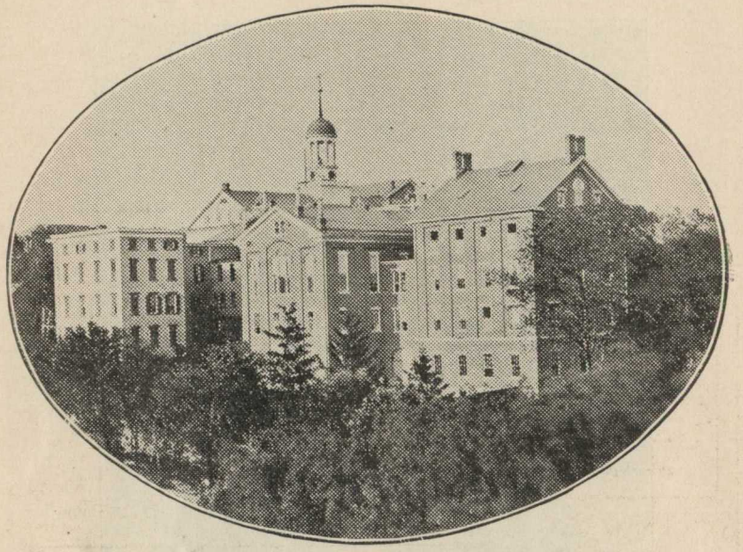

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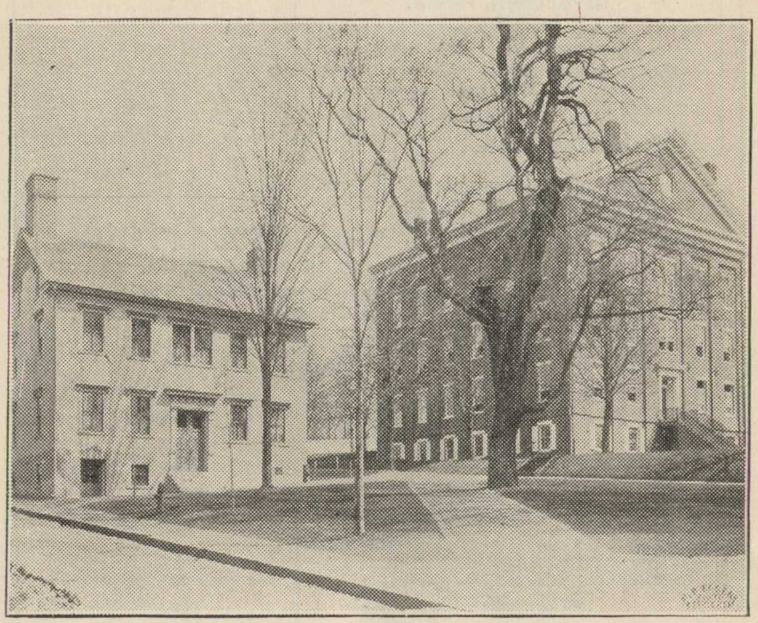

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FROM NEW YORK:

Leave New York, foot of Twenty-third Street at 8.10 a.m., arriving at Bethlehem at 10.37 p.m.; at 11.55 a.m., BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS, arriving at 2.07 p.m.; at 3.55 p.m., arriving at 6.28 p.m.

Leave New York, foot of Desbrosses or Cortlandt Streets, at 8.20 a.m., arriving at 10.37 a.m.; at 12 noon, BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS, arriving at 2.07 p.m; at 4.10 p.m., arriving at 6.28 p.m.

TO NEW YORK:

Leave Bethlehem at 5.20 a.m., arriving at New York at 7.05 a.m.; at 7.05 a.m., arriving at 9.33 a.m.; at 8.45 a.m., arriving at 11.33 a.m; at 5.51 p.m., arriving 8.23 p.m.; at 8.01 p.m., BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS, 10.08 p.m.

Afternoon performance at 4 o'clook; Evening performance at 8 o'clock.

Philadelphia & Reading Railway.

BETHLEHEM BRANCH TIME-TABLE.

During Bach Festival Week, May 23-25.

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA (Reading Terminal):

6.15, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a.m.; 12.30, 2.00, 3.00, 4.30, 5.30 p.m.

Arriving in Bethlehem:

8.25, 10.05, 10.32 a.m.; 1.03, 2.02. 3.54, 4.24, 6.20, 7.26 p.m.

LEAVE BETHLEHEM:

5.25, 7.05, 8.40, 11.00 a.m.; 12.10, 3.35, 5.52, 8.00 p.m.

Arriving at Reading Terminal:

6.58, 8.56, 10.10 a.m.; 12.54, 1.37, 5.07, 7.20, 9.25 p.m.

Afternoon performance at 4 o'clock; Evening performance at 8 o'clock.